

THE
Solicitous CITIZEN;
OR, THE
Devil to do about
Dr. SACH—LL."

A
COMEDY

As it was Publickly ACTED last Year,
in LONDON, and several other
Places.

By John-a-Noaks, and Tom-a-Stiles.

LONDON:

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Persons Represented.

*Weather-
Cock.*

A

Timeserver, one changing his Opinion according as his Interest or Occasion Requires.

Oliver, An old Man Father to Livia, and an inveterate Enemy to all of a Contrary Opinion; one so over Solicious for the Publick, that he wholly neglects his own Affairs.

Mack-o-Bryan, An Irish-man.

Affable, A young Gentleman in Love with Livia, a friend to the Church Party.

Bukram, A Taylor and Captain of the Militia, a protest Enemy to the Church Party.

Last, A Cobler his Sergent, a great bragger but a Coward of the same Stamp.

Ramble, A Wild Spark.

Whisper,

Whisper, A busy Body concerning himself with all peoples Affairs.

Livia, A Young Lady, daughter to *Oliver*, in Love with *Affable*, but inclining to her Fathers Opinion.

Emilia, Servant to *Oliver*, and attendant to *Livia*.

Militia; *Mobb*; &c.

(1)

THE
SOLICITOUS CITIZEN:

OR, THE
Devil to do about Dr. Sach-all.

A C T . I.

S C E N E . I.

Enter Weather-Cock and Mack-o-Bryan.

Mack. **B**Y my Soul, dear Joy, it be very strange indeed now, that dese *English* People should fall together by the Ears; and knock one anothers Brains out for Religion.

Weather. 'Tis not strange at all, Sir, Religion is the greatest Bug-bear to fright, or engage the People; nothing can perform greater Actions than that bear word *Religion*;

gion ; 'tis only strange that Men shou'd be so blind to engage in things they don't understand , only because they see others do so.

Mack. Pray, my dear Joy, what do you take this *Religion* to be ?

Weather. A Bug-bear, Sir, to scare the World, and keep the People in awe.

Mack. Which *Religion* do you like best ?

Weather. What makes you ask that Question ?

Mack. Because, my dear Joy, I've a mind to be satisfied.

Weather. Then, Sir, know, I like that best, which suits best with my Interest, and any farther than that I care for none.

Mack. By my Soul, dear Joy, I travelled up to this Town with a Company of all Religions ; the precise Quaker, a fat Priest, an old Fryar, and a Scotch Presbyterian.

Weather. A goodly Company indeed ; pray, how did you like their Conversation ?

Mack. By St. Patrick, they were top full of Contradiction. First, the Quaker.

Weather. Ay, the precise Quaker ; pray, What of him ?

Mack. Ay, my dear Joy, he did so plague us with the Spirit, that I durst not look out of the Coach, by St. Patrick, for fear

fear I should see the Devil. Then the fat Priest :

Weather. Ay, ay, the fat Priest, pray,
What of him?

Mack. Why, by my Soul, dear Joy, he was so full of the Scripture, and did so box the Gospel up and down in the Coach, that the Sweat ran down from him like a roast-ed Pig. And the old Fryar :

Weather. What of him?

Mack. Why, by St. Patrick, he espous'd his Cause with so much Zeal, that because we only contradicthes him in his Opinion, my dear Joy, he putsh us all into Purgatory; and had so little Christian Sharity, that by my Shoul, he wou'd not Abfolve us till the good natur'd *Scotch-man* wrested the Keys out of his Hand, open'd the Door, and let us into a more agreeable Place to repose in.

Weather. Very well, Sir, then I find, that if the *Scotch-man's* Compassion had not exceeded the Fryar's Charity, you had all been in a woful Condition.

Mack. Ah, my dear Joy, so we had — but I hear some body coming ---- lets retire for fear of the worst. *Exeunt Ambo.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Affable and Emelia.

Affable. ASSURE her of my firmest
A Constancy;

And if she seems but for to make a doubt,
Tell her 'tis needless, and how oft I call'd
just Heaven to witness my Intentions real.

Emelia. This I will do and more, you
need not urge
Me unto a Compliance to your Will;
For since I do believe your Words unfeign'd
And that from a sound Heart they do pro-
ceed.

At your Request this will I undertake,
And hope e're long you'll find the wish'd
succes.

Aff. Eternal Blessings fall upon thy Head,
And Heav'n reward thee as thou dost de-
serve.

Thou faithful Friend to a true generous
Love,
I'll study how to recompence thy Care.

Emelia. Believe me, Sir, 'tis not the
hopes of Gain
Induces me to stand your Friend in this.
For if the Thoughts of that had Power to
sway

My Will; you might with Reason then
believe Me

Me Mercenary, and Esteem me so:
 But 'cause I've Reason to believe you are
 Sincere, and that your Virtue won't admit
 You do an Act unworthy of your Name.
 I'll use my best Endeavours to perswade,
 But could I from your Actions e're perceive
 That your Intentions were but to deceive.
 Not Crowns shou'd ever gain me to your
 Will ;

For tho' in this poor homely Garb I'm drest,
 And am by Fate to Servitude confin'd.
 I'll dare the noblest Vertuoust she that lives,
 To give Examples of a nobler Mind.

Affable. Nor shall the World in all my
 Actions see,
 Ought that may to suspicious Thoughts give
 Birth.

For if my Actions only be my Judge,
 I'll stand the most censorious Test that is.

But see who comes to interrupt our Talk,
 'Tis necessary we avoid his Sight,
 Else some suspicious Words may chance to
 fall,

And raise his Jealousie to such a pitch,
 As may be fatal to her quiet, and mine.
 Therefore I've only time to tell you, that
 I hope you won't forget what I have said.

Emelia. Indeed I won't.

Enter

Enter Whisper.

Whisper. Sir, I Joy to meet you here, there's nought can be more wellcome to me than your Company; methinks that time is tedious which is spent in Absence from you.

Affable. My Company, Sir, you place a greater Value on't than it can Merit. I am perswaded that my Conversation is not so agreeable as you endeavour to perswade me 'tis.

Whisper. 'Tis your Modesty keeps you from having a just Value for your self. Your Conversation can't chuse but be agreeable, and your Virtues raise you beyond an Estimate; 'twill be a loss to the World when you deny your self the Liberty of Conversation, which I am inform'd you are about to do.

Affable. Which way, Sir?

Whisper. By a way too common, which will withdraw you from the World, and confine you only to one.

Affable. What mean you, Sir?

Whisper. 'Tis easily gues'd, you're not a Stranger to my Meaning, nor need you strive to keep it private any longer; yet, if you wou'd, I am your Friend, and you may safely tell your Mind to me, perhaps,

I may

I may assist you in't, and, if I can, you shall not want my best Endeavours.

Affable, You must excuse me, Sir, for as yet I am ignorant of your Meaning.

Whisper, These Excuses are in vain, Sir. Plead Ignorance no longer, but freely own your Love.

Affable, Own my Love !

Whisper, Ay, ay, own your Love : Lord blefs us ! How strange you make it !

Affable, I don't understand you.

Whisper, You do, I'm sure ; I know 'tis *Livia* you affect.

Affable, Now must I accuse whom most I love, to hide my Passion from his Jealousie. [*Aside.*] *Livia*, Sir, what reason have you to suppose I should affect her ? or, if I shou'd, ever to hope success ; for tho' our Births may be equal at first, yet malicious Fate has put to much Disparity between our Fortunes. Again, You know her Father's Mind, who won't consent she shou'd match with One of a different Opinion ; and he esteems me as a profess'd Enemy to his Party ; nor will her Duty suffer her to match without his Consent : These Obstacles alone were enough to convince you that 'tis not so. Therefore you need not urge this any further, but if we can discourse on a more agreeable Subject, *Time* will with pleasure seem to stretch his

Wings

Wings the faster, and I shall be glad to hear you talk of some other Affairs: I know you have Intelligence which never fails you.

Whisper, 'Tis true, I have; nor is there any thing can happen but I know it.

Affable, I hear you told *Old Folio*, the Bookseller, such Stories of his Daughters, that he has since deny'd them a Liberty of Conversation.

Whisper, Ay, the young Sluts, I found, kept company with two young Fellows, and tho' they manag'd their Intrigues with the utmost Privacy and Caution, yet I soon made such a Discovery, that has occasion'd their being kept under their present Restraint.

Affable, Have you heard nothing about *Mr. Shuttle* the Weaver?

Whisper, Yes, I hear he's a very loose Man: It seems he was out t'other Night, at a certain Place in *Moorfields*, and his jealous Wife being suspicious of him, went to enquire for him, but he was deny'd; however, she rais'd such Storms, as had like to have prov'd fatal to 'em both.

Affable. Surely, Sir, you have very good Intelligence.

Whisper. Sir, I've Intelligence which never fails me; I've Emissaries in ev'ry Corner; not a Man can visit his most intimate

timate Acquaintance, but I hear of it; nor a Woman meet a Friend in private, but I can tell it. I know all the Accidents that happen, and dive into the greatest Secrets of all People. The Men call me *Argus*, and the Women say I am a Wizard, and know their Thoughts by their Looks.

Affable. And stand in fear of offending you, least you shou'd make their Friends or Relations suspicious of their Actions.

Whisper. Ay, Sir, and not only so, but which is more surprizing, I can no sooner enter into a Room, but the Women----

Affable. The Women fly you as their greatest Plague, the Men shun you as an Infection. Servants redicule you, and the Children hoot you, as you pass along the Street, and call you *Crackenthorp's* Bastard, Tatler, Busy-body, and in short,--

Whisper. What,-----

Affable. Nay, hear me, Sir, they say you're a mear *Promotheus*, one that changes your Form and Colour oftner than the *Chamelion* does; and like the ingrateful Viper, Stings the Parent that first gave you Life:----- Your Actions are so despicable, that Men of Sense contemn you, and think you only a fenceless Incendiary, that your Ignorance and Insolence, spurs you on to

such base Practices, and so consequently esteem you below their Anger.

Whisper. Sir,-----

Affable. Nay, more Sir, they say you're one of carping *Zoilus*'s Pupils; that you love to run down Men in Discourse, and ingross all the Liberty of Speech to your self.

Whisper. How?

Affable. That the long Declamations you make to the Boys at the Coffee-house is Offensive to all the Company; that they had rather hear the Grumbling of a Base-Viol, or the untunable Sound of Marrow-bones and Clevers, than the unwisht for Harmony of your Voice.

Whisper. Indeed.

Affable. Nay, hear me out, Sir, they say you are of an ambitious Spirit, and look upon no Person but with an Air of Ostentation; that your outward Contempt of Women, proceeds not from any natural Disaffection to the Sex in General, but from an ambitious Desire you have to be esteem'd and remärkt for Singularity, tho' they (with more Reason) believe that your Chastity proceeds from a Certainty of their Aversion to your base Practice, than any Antipathy you have conceiv'd against their Sex.

Whisper

Whisper. Enough, Sir.

Affable. No: Sir, You shall have more still, they say you're a poor mean Spirited Person, one void of Sense and Manners, that your Education is no ways agreeable to your Conversation; for the first, your too Indulgent Parents spar'd no Cost, but your Inclinations have corrupted their good Precepts, which renders your Conversation contemptible, and makes it utterly impossible for you, to have a right Taste of the true Felicity enjoy'd by those you look upon with Contempt,----but you know the Proverb. *What's as good for a Sow as a Pan-cake?*

Whisper. Have you done, Sir?

Affable. Not a Quarter, Sir, shou'd I tell you how you are revil'd by those, whom you take to be your most intimate Acquaintance. You wou'd be so confounded with Shame, that you wou'd immediately hang your self.

Whisper. Good Sir, I thought ----

Affable. That you are never better than when you are setting other Folks together by the Ears.

Whisper. Hold there, Sir.

Affable. I will, Sir, and to your Character, presently they say, Sir, you live upon Scandal, as Toads do on Poyson, and like the *Salamander*, are never better then

when in the midst of Flames, which you strive to kindle where ever you come.

Whisper. Good Sir.

Affable. 'Tis but very indifferent, Sir, a Man of your Figure to lie under such Aspersions.

Whisper. The World, you know, was never so bad to asperse any Person so much as it does you without some cause ; and as your Actions have made you notoriously ridiculous, you must pardon me, if I suspend my belief of your Innocence, till you give me good Reason to believe you'r deserving of a better Character.

Whisper. Are you my Friend, and accuse me thus ?

Affable. If I were your Enemy, I wou'd never take Pains to tell you of your Faults ; but rather wish you would persist in them, that your Actions might make you still more ridiculous.

Whisper. Impossible, I can bear it no longer, you must Excuse me, Sir, my Absence may be a greater Pleasure to you than my Company.

Perhaps I have disappointed him in some Assignation or Intrigue, but his Speeches are so cutting I dare not ask that. [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T . II.

S C E N E I.

Enter Affable and Livia.

Affable. **T**Hus like two Turtles, Emblems of true Love.

Now we are met, for ever may we be Secure from jealous Friends and prying Eyes.

Those too officious Foes; and may just Heav'n,

In tender Pity to our Virgin Loves, Pour down upon us Peace and true Content.

May no Domestick Cares, nor Jarring Frowns,

Disturb our Rest, or interrupt our Joy.

May Fate new Obstacles never create,

That may disturb our Bliss, or harm our Loves.

Black-mouth'd Detraction, nor foul Ca-
lumny,

Shall ne'er molest us, nor shall Envy dare, To Whisper ought that jealous Thoughts may raise.

For since 'tis thou art only dear to me, Dearer than Life, or what I more Esteem.

Sooner

Sooner shall Heav'n bright Charo tear re-
tract

His wonted Speed, and in his Course turn
back.

Turn Night to Day, and turn the Day to
Night.

Sooner may *Alpian* Rocks dissolve like
Snow

Before the Sun, than I prove false to you.

Liv. Alas, I know too well the Falseness of
Mankind, and tho' I would believe you real
In what you say, yet give me leave to
think

These Compliments are only Words of
Course,

And such as you, to any one may utter.

Affable. Can you, dear Madam, think
me then so base,

That I impose on you in what I say ;
Or do you but suspect my Constancy ;
Or think me like the Moon, grow chang-
able.

You wrong me, Madam, if you think
me so.

Heav'n never saw a purer Love than mine,
Rocks may dissolve, and melt like Wax
i'th' Sun.

And Rivers turn their Course, and back-
wards flow.

Waters congeal, and into Crystal turn,
The fixed Pole move Stationary too :

All

All things in nature lose their wonted
Course,

E're I be guilty of Inconstancy.

Livia. What flattering Arts you Men
have got to please;

With tempting Words you hide your true
Designs,

With artful Rhetorick, and deluding
Tongues,

Poor harmless Innocence you would be-
tray.

How fain would I believe you, if I durst,
Yet fearful, least to late I shall Repent.

And finding Error, when I can't prevent
It's dire Effects, Prudence bids me suspend
My Thoughts until I've Reason to believe
Your Words are real, and that your Acti-
ons may

Merit respect,--- till when--- the time draws
near

My Father will return immediately.
Therefore in Prudence, I can do no less,
Than warne you of approaching Danger,
and

For want of time abruptly take my Leave.

(Exit.

Affable. Thus in our greatest Joy, still In-
tervene

Some Accidents to disappoint our Bliss ;
Yet 'tis these Crosses give a Pleasure to
Our Love, and in the end make it com-
plete.

Just

Just so the fullen Clouds sometimes appear,
 And with their hateful Bodies shrouds the
 Sun,
 Which can no sooner from behind one
 Peep,
 But strait another Cloud does Intervene,
 Which doth prevent our greedy Eyes from
 seeing
 The Object which we wisht, and makes us
 still
 More eager to behold its glorious Light.

(Exit.)

Enter Mobb running.

1 Mobb. A Cheverell, a Cheverell, a Cheverell.

2 Mobb. High-Church, High-Church,
 High-Church. Huzza.

3 Mob. No King-killers, no King-killers,
 no Calves-head Club.

All Mob. High-Church, High-Church,
 Huzza, a Cheverell, &c.

1 Mob. Follow me Gentlemen, I'll be
 your Leader, I'll be Capt. Tom.

All Mob. Ay, ay, follow him; follow
 him, follow, &c.

Enter Mack-o-Bryan.

1 Mob. Here comes a Man of Modera-
 tion, one of the Low-Church Saints; he
 smells

smells rank of Phanaticism, and carries a Puritanical Look in his Face: I know him by his Gait, he's just come from the Conventicle, a'n't you now? Speak, Sirrah; What are you? High-Church or Low-Church?

2 Mob. Ay, ay, speak, Who are you for, Dr. *Cheverell* or Dr. *Burges*? Tell us Man, High-Church or Low-Church?

Mack. By my Soul, dear Joy, I'm for my own dear self; I don't know High-Church nor Low-Church, nor where they live, by St. *Patrick*, my dear Joy, I don't.

2 Mob. Sirrah, you lie, you're a Presbyterian; say, a'n't you a Presbyterian; speak quickly, or we will Knock you down.

3 Mob. Ay, ay, he's a Presbyterian, down with him, down with him.

Mack. My dear Joy, I am no Presbyterian, indeed now, I beent; by St. *Patrick*, I been't.

1 Mob. What are you then; tell us what are you?

Mack. My dear Joy, I be a Captain.

3 Mob. A Captain of what, pray, where's your Commission?

Mack. Why, my dear Joy, I did Petition his Majesty's Grace, the Duke of *Ormond*, several Years hence: and his Groom told me, I might live in Expectation for the first Commission that fell these three

Years, which no body else wou'd accept of; by St. Patrik, now, this is true.

1 Mob. Come, come, go along with us, and well make you a Captain.---- You shall be our Captain, if you are High-Church or no?

Mack. By my Soul, my dear Joy, make me a Captain, and I'll be any Church, by St. Patrick I will.

All Mob. Come along then High-Church, High-Church; Huzza, huzza, *Sacheverell*, *Sacheverell*, Huzza, huzza.

Enter Serjeant Last and Soldiers.

Last. Look ye Gentlemen, stand all to your Arms; who knows but the Enemy may be so bold, as to beat up our Quarters; but if they should, never stand in fear of 'em, face 'em like Lions; follow the Example of your Leaders, and you need not fear Succes: as soon as you perceive the Rebels, prepare for the Combat, present your Peices thus, and when you hear the Word, *Give Fire*, let fly directly upon 'em.

1 Sold. What must we Shoot 'em Serjeant?

Last. Ay, ay, Shoot him; Kill 'em, Slay 'em, Knock out their Brains with your Muskets, and teach 'em more than ever to look Men in the Face again.

2 Sold.

2 Sold. What must we Fight then, Serjeant?

Last. Ay, ay, Fight, we must all Fight.

2 Sold. But, pray Mr. Serjeant, what must we Fight for?

Last. Fight for Honour Man, as I do.--- If this Trade continue much longer, I don't question, but by my great Courage and good Conduct, I shall acquire a Captain's Commission at least.

3 Sold. But who must we Fight against?

Last. The Pope and the Devil; we must stand upon our Guard, *That the Gates of Hell mayn't prevail against us.* These High-Church Tory-rory Jacobites are endeavouring to introduce Wooden-shoes and Slavery; to preach up Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance, on purpose that we may stand and see our Throats cut. Therefore for your Lives and Liberties, stand to your Arms and beat the Rebels; follow, the Example of your Leader, and you need not doubt success.

2 Sold. Ay, Serjeant never fear, we'll all stand by our Officers, I warrant you.

Serj. Do, do, 's life, here they come,

(*Mob hollowing without.*)
stand to your Arms, I'll run and call the Captain.

2 Sold. Ay, Serjeant, we'll follow our Leaders. (Exit Last. I think that's the safest way. Exeunt Soldiers.

Enter Mob.

1 Mob. Rarely done, I faith, by to morrow Night all the Meeting-houses will be even with the Ground if they follow their Business; let me see, one Party has pull'd down Dr. Burges's Meeting-house, and burnt it in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*; faith it made a rare Bonefire, another has been in *Fetter-Lane*; a third Detachment in *Holbourn*; a fourth in *Black-Fryars*; the fifth in the City; and a sixth, let me see where.

2 Mob. Good faith, I was very sorry for the Doctor's Cushion, who think that the poor Thing, which had suffer'd so much buffeting and boxing, should at last undergo so hard a Punishment, as to be condemn'd to the Flames.

3 Mob. Qd's life, *Robin*, I had forgot the Brandy-Bottle; let's see, this I found in one Corner hid under the Matt; I'll take a Dram, however, 'tis a hundred to one but it may Edify more than his Doctrine: I'm resolv'd I'll taste, poh, 'tis damnable Stuff, right Low-Church Liquor, taste *Robin*, 'tis *Geneva*, sure it can be nothing else; poh, it has made me Giddy, it has bewitch'd

witch'd me, I'm all Fanaticism and Rebellion already.

2 Mob. Prithee, let's taste, poh, poh, damn'd Stuff, Low-Church Liquor--hold--it smells of Rebellion; but we'll tread it under Foot. Lie there thou Seeds of Rebellion. *(Breaks the Bottle.)*

1 Mob. Ay, ay, down with it, and we'll down with the Meeting-houses, Huzza, Sacheverell, High-Church, Huzza, High-Church, High-Church. *(Exit Mob.)*

Enter Oliver and Buckram.

Oliver. Look ye Captain, I've endeavour'd to get the Names of as many of 'em as I can, and have been with the Officers to inform them of 'em. I have been all this Day ofter them: I am so solicitous for the safety of the Nation, that I wholly neglect my own Affairs, and think it sufficient, if my Pains will any way contribute to the Quiet of the Nation, and the Mortification of this High-Church factious Priest and his Party; and hope Captain, if you meet with any of the Rabble, you will endeavour to suppress 'em as much as you can, and not favour any of 'em.

Buck. Upon my Word, Sir, I'll not favour 'em, for besides my Duty to my Superiors, I have naturally a mortal Aversion

tion to any thing of these High-Church Principles. But, pray Sir, how does your Daughter?

Oliver. My Daughter, Sir, is very well for ought I know.

Buck. For ought you know ; why, Sir, are you so regardless of the welfare of your Family, that you never enquire after your Childrens Health?

Oliver. No, Captain, but I assure you these troublesome Times have almost distract me. Indeed, I have not time to think of any thing else, than how to prevent our being over-run with Popery.

Buck. But sure your Children should be of more Value to you than publick Affairs.

—Pray, Sir, how does your Daughter?

Oliver. Why, Sir, she does well, and may do well ; and I'll do well for her, as long as she continueth a profest Enemy to this *Sacheverell* and his Party.

Buck. But if you find her inclinable to lend an Ear to hear any thing in Justification of him then.

Oliver. Than will I —, but 'tis needless to say what, I know she hates the very sight of any thing that looks like him ; but, pray Captain, do you hear how this unruly Mob goes on.

Buck. Ay Sir, I hear they met the Guards and threatned to fall upon 'em if they molested

molested him, but they were soon put to flight, and tho' they rally'd several times, they were as often disperst, and several of the ring Leaders were apprehended, and no doubt, but they will suffer severely.

Oliver, Ay, Ay, so much the better, but—hark, what noise is that, sure it can't be them, it sounds too soft for such rude Rebels; I'll stay and see what it means,

Musick sounds at a distance.

Enter Musick, Singing, and Playing.

Enter Whisper.

*Joy to the Bridegroom, Joy to the Bride,
and to ev'ry one beside,
May ev'ry day still prove like this,
and they ne'er want the highest bliss.*

Whisp. What mean you Friends---What are you-- Whence come you, and whither go you?

Musick. Sir we are Musitioners, we came from home, and are going to the Wedding.

Whisp. What Wedding pray? Has your Factious High-Church Priest been joyning a Couple together, without the consent of their Friends; I suppose it is something like it, or I shou'd have had some notice of it.

Musick.

Musick. Of that we know nothing Sir, more than this, that 'tis a Wedding, nor is our business to enquire by who or where they were Married, if we have a Gratuity to Drink their Healths with, we'll be satisfied.

Whisp. And wish 'em Joy to be sure, let 'em be what they will.

Musick. Why not Sir,

Whisp. Suppose it were the *Pope* Sir?

Musick. That were very unkindly,

Whisp. Suppose it were Dr. *Sacheverel*,

Musick. Then we wou'd play up briskly?

Whisp. Suppose it was Dr. *Burgess*, and the Reverend Mr. *Hoadly*.

Musick. Then we wou'd Play Round headed Cuckolds, *Come digg,*

Whisp. Out upon you, for a Company of High-Church, Tory · Jacobite Rogues, Rascals; what Play for your Idol Doctor, and abuse good Men with Playing round-ed Cuckolds, for shame——Dye hear Neighbours, what think you of these Fellows? Is this sufferable or no.

Buck. Sufferable, No, No, I'll, I'll, let me see, I'll have 'm all Prest, the Queen wants Men, and the Army wants Soldiers, and they shall go for certain; what say you Neighbour *Oliver*?

Whisp. Ay, Ay, so they shall——Come Rogues, we'll secure you, You shall Play for

for your Doctor, shall you? We'll have his Gown off, and send him after you, Away Rogues, I'll see you both in *Spain*. *Musick*. Shall we have your Company, Sir? (Exit.)

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter Ramble.

Ramb. **W**ELL, faith, of all Sports, let 'em say what they will, I like that best that carries most Mischief along with it: I have,--let me see,--to Night I beat an old Man with a Basket full of Oranges, threw 'em all about the Streets, set his Paper Lanthorn on Fire, and went off by the Light of it; but that's nothing, I sent old Mother Grope, the Midwife, from *Ludgate-hill* to *Picadilly*, to assist a rich Lady that is in need of her Assistance; Courage Puss, thou'l have help presently. Lard, Lard, how the old Lady will Scold when she come there, and finds her sick Ladiship purging on a Straw-bed over half a Dozen young Kit-lins: Next, let me see,---- not an-----

Oyster Woman in the *Strand* or *Fleet-street*, but I either sent of a Fools Errant ; or beat down their Lanthorns if they refuse to go. My Old Neighbour *Frivolous*, I have sent to *White-Chappel* to enquire for I don't know who, that comes from I dont know where, and will come there, G---- knows when, and his Wife I have sent on such another Errant, to a pretended Relation, just come out of the Country to the *White-Hart* in *Southwark*--and--but what signifies it ; were I to reckon up all my Exploits, it wou'd take up more time to relate 'em than it did to act 'em : I'll e'ne go home to Night, and study more mischief to do to Morrow Night, I must invent something now, these tricks are common now, and I take as great pleasure in Variety of Mischief, as another can in the most innocent Diver-
sion, that's but Dull and soon Cloys, but mischievous Pleasures, nothing can be more diverting sure, so I'll e'ne home and study against to Morrow. (Going away.)

Soldi. Stand--who comes there ?

Ramb. Stand ? What on the Queens high way.

Soldi. Yes, on the Queens high way.

Ramb. For what ?

Soldi. What are you ? Give an account of your self ?

Ramb. I

Ramb. I hope you don't take me for a Papist, that you call me to Confession.

Soldi. Papist Sir,-- I say Sir,--call the Corporal there.

Enter Corporal with his Sword drawn.

Corp. What's the Matter here pray? who're you Sir, (to Ramble.)

Ramb. Who I Sir?

Corp. Yes you Sir---what are you? whence come you.

Ramb. What am I, whence come I, pray where dy'e think.

Corp. S'death Sir, affront me to my Face? I say once more, what are you?

Ramb. Neither a Horse nor a Wheel-Barrow.

Corp. But an Ass I perceive by this light.

Ramb. Excuse me Sir, my Ears a'nt longer than my Hair; tho' I see yours are crop't very short.

Corp. Again Sirrah? I'll carry you before the Captain.

Ramb. Good Mr. Corporal, Excuse me, I am very merry you may perceive.

Corp. Very Impertinent Sir.

Ramb. Indeed Sir.-----

Corp. Once more, what are you?

Ramb. A Man I think Sir,

Corp. A Man Sir?

Ramb. Yes

Ramb. Yes, Sir, I have been esteem'd for such these seven Years, and I am otherways; now 'tis more than I know. I hope your bigs Words han't made me a Mouse.

Corp. A Mouse, Sir, an Ass, Sir, you mean.

Ramb. No, Sir, rather Fool.

Corp. Ay, a Fool indeed.

Ramb. I own it, Sir, 'tis plain.

Corp. Plain, how plain?

Ramb. If I were not a Foot, I should not stand here to be examin'd by ev'ry Puppy thus.

Corp. Puppy, Sir?

Ramb. Ay, Puppy, Sir, I hope you don't take me for a *Roman*, that you call me to Confession; if you do, I a'n't ready for it yet; or, are you a Fryar, Father Peters, or St. Dunstans Ghost, and come to give me Absolution.

Ramb. If you are, I assure you, I don't care for your Acquaintance-----

For he that took the Devil by the Nose, may well Ruffle a poor Lawyer.

Capt. A Lawyer, Sir?

Ramb. No matter, Sir, stand out of my way, 'tis late, and I must go home to my Lodging.

Corp. Lodging,---- in a Dog's Kennel? No, no, I'll provide a Lodging for you, come before the Captain.

Ramb.

Ramb. No Sir, let the Captain come before me, if he wants any thing, I am as good a Gentleman as he.

Corp. Nay, then at your Peril.

Ramb. Nay then— (Draws

Enter Captain Buckram and Soldiers.

Corp. What's the matter here? Who raises this disturbance here?

Buck. How durst you affront the Guards— Sir? I'll commit you.

Ramb. To your Wife I hope Sir, the Nights are long and Cold, and 'tis uncomfortable lying tingle.

Buck. How Sir?

Ramb. Don't be angry Sir, I'll resign the Place when you come home.

Buck. Sir, I say I'll commit you, 'tis dangerous to let such Men as you pass, who knows what your design may be, for certain there's a Plot, and you may be as deep in't, as any body.

Ramb. A Plot Captain? Ay a most horrid one, and I can tell who in the chief conspirators.

Buck. Mark that Gentleman, he knows a Plot.

Ramb. Ay Sir, your Wife concern'd.

Buck. My Wife Sir, no Sir, she'll never prove a Traytress to her Country.

Ramb. True

Ramb. True Sir, but to her Husband
she may you know Sir, she was sent for
out in great haft, to Mrs. *Prattles* crying
out.

Buck. And what then Sir, is't not com-
mon for one Neighbour to visit another at
such a time.

Ramb. Ay, Ay, but —

Buck. But what Sir?

Ramb. Nothing Sir, only your Wife
Sir, is gone to —

Buck. To what Sir?

Ramb. No Sir, I shan't tell you, I don't
love to make all the World acquainted
with other Folks Affairs.

Buck. Then Sir,--- retire (*to the Guards*).
My Mind misgives plaugely, (*aside*.) Now
Sir we're in private if you please to tell
me, and on my Word and Honour, I'll
reward you, as your discovery deserves.
If your Doublet shou'd want a patch, or
you shou'd lose a Button Sir, I'll repair the
loss without any Charge, for you must
know Sir, I'm a *Taylor* by Trade, Come
Sir, the Discovery.

Ramb. Truly Sir, you're a very obliging
Gontleman, and I did not design to have
said any thing, but Egad Sir, you're so
civil, that a Man wou'd do any thing for
you---You must know Sir, your Wife is
gone to Mr. *Love-flesh*, there is an *Assigna-*
tion

tion betwixt 'em, 'twas he that sent for her under that pretence of —

Buck. How, how, Sir, say you so, faith, Sir, I'll spoil their Sport; I'll go this Minute, I'll kill him, cut off his Head, pull out his Eyes, and split his Nose. (*Going.* But, Sir, Where must I find him?

Ramb. At Mrs. *Hepl. out's*, Sir, I suppose you know the Place; she' fam'd for the most accomplish'd Procureress,--Midwife I mean, in the World.

Buck. Your Servant, Sir. (*Exit Buck.*

Ramb. Thus brawny Leaders cloath'd in greasy Buff,

Over the Mob do swell, look big, and huff.

Does but poor Wh---re about their Quarters budge,

Whom unkind Stars do force all Night to truce.

Strait brustling Mirmidon, crys, Who comes there?

Stand, or I'll Fire; or stir a Foot that dare. Raises the Guards, for such Alarms are common,

Two hundred Men to seize on one poor Woman.

How came you here? Cries Leader, on what Score:

What are you?-- I'm a Woman,-- You're a Whore.

And

And Fellow Buff-coats, a suspicious one;
 As you say, Captain, it may be Pope *Joan*.
 Such Acts as these Mecanick Heroes dare,
 So shew the World how skill'd in War
 they are,
 Or rather what courageous Folks they are.
 But was't well know to each contented
 Sot,
 What's done at home, how *Jacky* was
 begot,
 He'd be more Jealous of his Wife, then
 th' Plot. (Exit Ramble.)

Enter Musick.

1 *Musick*. Faith, an ugly Disappoint-
 ment; how farest *Jack*?----- These godly
 zealous, puritanick Cits, are so fearful of
 their Religion, that now-a-days, if we
 happen but to say Church, we shall have
 such a Number of Conventiclers attack us
 on all sides, that 'tis well if we escape with
 whole Bones.

2 *Musick*. True, *Tom*, and now, if we
 offer but to play at a Wedding, we're in
 danger of having our Heads comb'd with
 a Faggot-stick. Nay, truth, I and *Old Will*
 went but into the City t'other Day,
 to give Mr. *Sale-ware*, the Haberdasher, a
 Tune or two, but old *Cant* the Banker,
 came by and gave me such a Rap with
 his

his Cane on the Fingers, just in the Close of a Tune, as put me quit out, disorder'd my musical Part, knockt down the Bridge of my Violin, and said it only serv'd to draw the Peoples minds to Idolatry and Romish Superstition.

1 *Musick.* What, old Mr. *Cant*, he's the most incorrigible Sot in the whole Parish he lives in.

2 *Musick.* Right, and the most unaccountable Fellow alive, he prays all *Sundays* for the Sins of the Week.

1 *Musick.* Ay, and bellows out his Evening Vespers so loud, his Neighbours that live under Protection of the infallible Cap complain, that their Customers can't refresh themselves with a Glass after Sermon with Pleasure, because his Voice will still be predominant; and his Zeal drowns the Noise of the Bar, Bell, &c.

2 *Musick.* Oh! *Tom*, he prays for the whole Neighbourhood; and if good Works are meritorious, he'll certainly save the whole Parish, even against their Wills.

1 *Musick.* Ay, 'tis a precious nut-headed Rascal, he'll Sin with much so sanctity, and cover Deceit so artificially, Cheat you with a Text of Scripture, and look so formally, that 'tis impossible at first to discover his Hypocrify.

2 *Musick.* Why? Faith he's ten times more precise than a Quaker.

1 *Musick.* And more Knavish than an old Lawyer in the Long Vocation, and as peevish as Mr. *Splitcause*, when call'd up in a frosty Morning to give Advice to a *Pauper Client*; but hang't *Jack*, why should we wait here? Let's go home and repair the Damage we have sustain'd; I've lost the Bridge of my Violin.....

2 *Musick.* And I had two Strings broke, Besides the Damage I have sustain'd in the Scuffle.

1 *Musick.* Well, if ever I play a Whig any other Tune than *Round-headed Cuck-holds*, I'll be hang'd.

2 *Musick.* Or the clean contrary Way, *Jack*, either of those.

1 *Musick.* Ay, either of those to revenge this Injury. (Exit.

Enter *Livia and Emelia*.

Livia. What strange Emotions in my Breast I feel.

What Palpitations shock my troubled Heart.
'Twixt two Extreams, how I confused lie;
Duty and Love at once attack my Breast.
My Father, when he hears what I have done;

What will he say? Or, how can I expect,
E're to be reconcil'd to him? These thoughts
Command

Command me to forbear,---and yet I find
 Something insinuate into my Mind.
 These Fears are needless,--and if they be so,
 Shall I keep him in Ignorance,---or shall
 I not rather resolve to acquaint him with it,
 And not proceed unless I've his Con-
 sent:

It must, it shall be so.----

Emelia. Alas, Madam, consider what
 you do,
 And ruin not your self with these vain
 Hopes.

Livia. I am distrest, and know not what
 to do.

What's th' Advice thou giv'st.

Emelia. First, give me leave to ask you
 this, and then
 I'll give you what Advice I can: Do you
 Believe he is Sincere?

Livia. His Actions do confirm it that
 he is.

Emelia. Do you believe he does deserve
 your Love?----

Livia. I do.

Emelia. And do you then believe he is
 Sincere,
 That he deserves your Love. And can you be
 Guilty of such Ingratitude, as to
 Reject his proferr'd Services to you?
 Repay his Oaths and Vows with Slights and
 Taunts, and see.-----

Livia. I do not.

Emetiz. What less is this you do? If you resolve

To hazard all upon a bare Surmize.
You entertain that you shall ever gain
Your Father to Consent it should be so.
If you do really love him as you say,
Banish these needless Fears, and let him see
Some Proof of it.--- No longer keep him in
Suspence,
But as you've promis'd, resolve
To execute that Promise.---
See he comes.

Livia. Love struggles hard, and Duty
seems to yield.
He comes, and Love, not Duty, gains the
Field.

Enter Affable.

Affable. Come, come, my Dear, the time
too slowly moves,
Till Hymen makes no us one, the fleeting
Sands
Are stopt. I fear---- each Moment seems an
Hour.
Delays are dangerous, come, let us haste
Unto the Temple,---- where the impatient
Priest
In tedious Expectation for us waits:
There shall he give a Sanction to our Loves.

No

No intervening Accidents shall then
Molest us, nor shall we e're need to fear
Officious Friends, malicious Whisperers;
All their Attempts will be in vain to part,
Or trouble us; ----come, come, my Dear.

Livia. Alas, What shall I do?

(Exit leading Livia.)

Enter Whisper and Buckram.

Buck. Why, look ye, Sir, I don't know
how things are carried on altogether; here's
Mr. Weather-Cock and my Neighbour can
better acquaint you.

Enter Weather-Cock and Oliver.

Whisper. Come Neighbours, a little of
your Advice may do us a Kindness in this
Matter.

Weather. What Matter? Pray, What
Subject are you upon now?

Buck. Nothing of much Consequence,
Sir, we're only a Company of Loyal Citi-
zens, going to form a Court of Judicature,
we've already try'd and found Guilty all
these Persons apprehended for pulling down
the Meeting-houses, but we can't agree
what Punishment they shall have. I say
they deserve to be burnt.

Oliver. No, let 'em be hang'd,

Whisper.

Whisper. Drawn and quarterd.

Weather. No, don't put 'em to Death, send 'em all for Soldiers.

Buck. I perceive Friends, we can't agree what Punishment they deserve. Let's make the first Person that comes by, Judge in this Case.

Omnes. Agreed, agreed.

Enter Musick.

Buck. What again? - How came you here? Must these be our Judges; begon Rogues, we'll have no Tory-Judges. Here's no Business for you.

Musick. Sir, we'll find Business for our selves presently.

Whisper. What Business, pray?

Musick. Stay but till yonder Couple comes from Church, and they'll inform you.

Oliver. What, a Wedding?

Musick. Yes, Sir, we think so.

Oliver. Whose, pray?

Musick. We can't tell, but there's one will inform you.

Buck. Should this Execution terminate in a Wedding now.

Enter Clark.

Weather. A Judge, a Judge.

Clark. Of what, Sir?

Whisper.

Whisper. Sir, We've arraigning, and found guilty the Prisoners for pulling down the Meeting-houses, but can't agree what Punishment thy shall have; we've agreed to submit it to the first Person that came: You are the first.

Oliver. And must pass Sentence.

Clark. Think not of passing Sentence, Sir, unless it be on the Man that has robb'd you.

Oliver. Robb'd me.

Clark. Yes, Sir.

Oliver. Of what, pray?

Clark. Are you really Ignorant, or do you only pretend to be so, if you are.

Oliver. Indeed I am; What can I be robb'd of? You say I am robb'd, Sir.

Clark. Yes, Sir, I just now parted from the Thief.

Oliver. What is he, pray, Sir?

Clark. A Gentleman, I suppose, no Stranger.

Oliver. A Gentleman and no Stranger; has he a Name, Sir?

Clark. Yes, Sir.

Oliver. What is it?

Clark. *Affable.*

Oliver. His Name, Sir, I ask.

Clark. *Affable,* I say,

Oliver. *Affable,* what *Affable*, Rob me of what, Sir?

Clark.

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Clark. Your Daughter, Sir?

Oliver. How, Sir?

Clark. He has stole her, Sir.

Oliver. Stole her?

Clark. Yes, and married her too.

Oliver. It cannot be. (Enter Doctor)

Clark. If you believe not me, ask the
the Doctor; here he comes.

I'm sure 'twas he that join'd their Hands.

Oliver. Do you vouch it, Sir?

Doctor. I do for Truth.

Oliver. Is all my Hopes come to this at
last. Have I been so solicitous for the Pub-
lick Still, as to neglect my own Affairs:
And have I no Hopes left now, but Pati-
ence.-----

Well, since 'tis so, I'll---
But hang't, what signifies Fretting, 'tis
done, and can't be help'd, and there's an
End on't. 4 AP 54

Let all Mechanick States-men Learn by me
To let the Church alone, and only see
Into the Welfare of their Family.
For if they're Bit like me, they'll ne'er be
pitty'd;
But jested on for being so out-witted.

and I
.and FINIS.

